ſters in *Dotchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

Miſ. Page. You will do it? (direction.

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no Begone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little *Robin.* (with you?

Miſ. Ford. How now my Eyas Musket, what newes

Rob. My M. Sir *Iohn* is come in at the backe doore (Miſt. *Ford*, and requeſts your company.

Miſ Page. You little Iack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs?

Rob. I, ile be ſworne; my Maſter knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put mee into euerlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſweares he'll turne me away.

Miſ. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. Ile go hide me.

Miſ. Ford. Do ſo, go tell thy Maſter, I am alone; Miſtris *Page*, remember you your *Qu.*

Miſ. Page. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hiſſe me.

Miſ. Ford. Go too then; we'l vſe this vnwholſome humidity, this groſſe-watry Pumpion, we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough; This is the period of ambition; O this bleſſed houre.

Miſ. Ford. O ſweet Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Maſter *Ford*) now ſhall I ſinne in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, ile ſpeake it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſ Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I ſhould be a pitifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew mee ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond; Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Miſtris

Miſt. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn.*
My browes become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo: thou wouldſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemi-circled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Noture thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Miſt. Ford. Beleeue me, ther's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee: Ther's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like a manie of theſe liſping hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and ſmell like Bucklers-berry in ſimple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deſeru'ſt it.

M. Ford. Do not betray me ſir, I feare you loue M. *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is a hateſull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Miſ. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,
And you ſhall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deſerue it.

Miſt. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you doe;
Or elſe I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Miſtris *Ford*. Miſtris *Ford*, heere's Miſtris *Page* at the doore, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeake with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me, I will enſconce mee behinde the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you doe ſo, ſhe's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? How now?

Miſt. Pag. O miſtris *Ford* what haue you done?
You'r ſham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good miſtris *Page*?

M. Page. O weladay, miſt. *Ford*, hauing and honeſt man to your husband, to giue him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpition.

M. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpition?

Maſter